

Chapter 8

Bring on Miranda

Ester is her name but I don't think I ever used it tell a TV show called 90 day fiance just couldn't handle her having a nickname based on her 8 year college accomplishment. But I had a date with her the same week as the girl from Mexico who I can't remember her name. But the librarian had housing and she claimed she was fully set financially with her focus on school. I also noticed her life was not where it should be with a dirty house and a poor diet with over consumption of alcohol and cigarettes, but because she's not trying to be a parent and I'm not trying to marry her that's fine for the next 14 years left of child support, I never imagined I'd get out of my 80,000\$ hole. Just drowning. So the first date was spent telling her tales of Washington, my ex wife and enraged Trista. Then after the second date she asked for sex, but she didn't remember due to alcohol. I realized this was my only real opinion other than homeless was assassination then prison or the idea of walking to chilli still is in my mind. It was great she liked oral sex, Trista did not over the last 4 years and It was a great relief. She frequently visited an amazing vineyard to do homework while I adjusted her diet, she had intestinal issues and I slowly found a very refined diet to fix this issue. This was trial and error plus her own likes and dislikes which explains her larger size and skin complexion. Soon she tells me she has a boyfriend in prison, I don't mind then one of them comes over to stay with us for a while. She had friends who would come to visit and everything was going good just 13 more years to go. I got my 102 tattoo at work with the librarian filling in the half they didn't do. After I have no idea how long of moving in, suddenly she has no money and I have 2 choices: leave and go? Outside or go wherever she ends up, so I'm in this because of child support so I'll stay not homeless. She tells me her uncle is going to house us, we had met briefly prior to us moving in with him he visited Oregon from New Mexico. I put too much fuel injector cleaner in my scooter and I wouldn't start , so I took it with me to New Mexico for the u haul. That was a rough drive for sure. We made it and I had no money for sure as I bought all the gas because she bought the uhaul. New Mexico wasn't all bad but it was nonsense, started playing Pokemon go. And in new Mexico I was told you need a new Mexico state ID to get a job. Well with child support you can't pay a bill or have housing, a credit card , nothing really proves your a citizen, also this is when I found out my identity was being used after my ex wife sold it . I went to the dmv and they told me I was illegal because I was living in Kentucky. I have gotten phone calls about attachments for some one trying to open a credit card in my name from Kentucky but if I can't get one neither can they do it was always a rejection call fallowed by me explaining I didn't do it, later I'll get more of there's calls and letters from other states. I asked the dmv how I get an ID if they can't do it now, they said I have to prove I'm legal, I asked where am I from if I'm not from here? I might have been one of the only people in that dmv waiting area who spoke English poorly enough to clearly be from America. All this time Miranda has all my savings so she can move to Seattle soon where I'll have housing, but still haven't gotten that far yet. The uncle is gay and I definitely run from any elderly advances.

He can't understand how I'm illegal but after a couple hours of explaining he claims he can get me an ID and job with 1 phone call, we go into the DMV just to have them tell him the same thing. This phone call didn't work. I think the librarian had some dates to try and clear her mind of her uncle's house, her grades suffered a lot there. He took us to an ayurvedic institute of new Mexico where they prescribed a bitter powder and a list of diet items that I reviewed, I was about 80% correct with the diet I had created for her based on observation. I didn't comprehend that a cooked tomato vs a raw tomato would be that trigger ingredient as well as salt vs fresh water fish and small things like spices. She loves tomatoes and it wouldn't always make her sick. Definitely I missed that key aspect of the tomato. We visited Asian markets, this was a pass time I might have missed in the last chapter. But visiting a new Asian market is always a great time, but Trista absolutely would lose her mind if I started talking to any middle aged or older Asian lady about cooking, I get how they most likely tasted good and liked oral but I never saw the opportunity to pull off that jump. Plus I'm a broke white guy who is literally worthless. So I enjoyed an none threatening, no chance for violence trip to a store with the librarian. We could just talk about anything without me thinking I might need to block a punch , but I did flinch a lot at first. The uncle took us to the Holocaust museum of New Mexico , what ever street it was on was just littered with both homeless and punk kids , it was a strange evening before we even got into the basement. Where he started a presentation on how Jews need another holiday and it's because the president is Hitler and they are after the Jews. Now I know the Jews have had hardships forever but I didn't think Obama was trying to in prison Jews who where to Jewish in public. But again I don't know new Mexico that well, he said he was going to try this presentation at the college and me and the librarian looked at eachother, doing this is a room with only Jews in a museum for Jews with your Jewish friends is not the same as kids who aren't necessarily educated or Jewish. He was not happy about are hesitation on his ideas. He had a fence around his house, he was proud to have it even though everyone has a identical fence on there property as far as I could see. He said it's impenetrable so I jumped it without any effort. He now started to believe he was under attack because I found a weak point. There is a man made lake very close by he goes on to tell us that they created a boat there that did the impossible, go under water. I tried to explain that the submarine has existed for a long time and him being in the navy I wasn't sure how he didn't know what a submarine was? It's name is literally sub meaning under and marine meaning water.

I didn't work so I started helping around the house, this was my downfall. While moving everything in the house to clean every inch I moved a eagle Statue for dusting and the TV remotes to under the tv . This crossed the line and I was asked to move out and I'm like where? So I lived under a bed for a while , I think right after Thanksgiving till Christmas, maybe but I was just waiting for the librarian to either get the next step or ? I fixed my scooter and I either drove it back or sold it to get to Seattle to start a life with Miranda. I had just under 100\$ in my account that child support took at some point. But my dshs child support letter was not proof I was a

US citizen. So why was I supposed to pay if I'm not actually Loren Allen? Just before we left New Mexico the librarian's mom came to visit us for a holiday, we watched media for 3 days then one night she I think her tv remotes stopped working so she collected them and gave up as well as moved a statue, this caused all of us to have to leave, so I drove my scooter and the librarian drove a fiat to Las Vegas. I made it to Tuba City, my things were stolen out of the librarian's car so I didn't have warm clothes for that brutal desert night. I slept under a hand dryer in a bathroom till the librarian came to get me, and the next day we made our way to Las Vegas. We stayed with her friend and I cleaned her house, I don't remember her doing homework during this time. After a couple days I sold my scooter saying there is no way I'm making it with no money, no clothes and it's winter time. But I made my way to my grandma's house and she got a place in Tri Cities where her roommate's boyfriend who didn't live there said no one in his girlfriend's apartment can have guests. I was ok with a separation from the librarian as I was started what I thought was a rest of my life with Miranda as my Philippines had failed due to my ex wife. My plan B, 1 year online and we could do this. But the librarian got me in trouble at my grandma's house. She came over and for whatever reason needed me in Tri Cities where I wasn't allowed. But just before leaving she squirted in bed and I didn't have time to clean it, while my other grandma and uncle came over right after we had left. My uncle wanted Grandma dead and I was supposed to be a stay at home nurse but here the librarian gets me kicked out of this housing. So I returned to chaos and luckily my timing was great because Miranda found a place to live in Seattle at about the same time. So I met Arlo and Bow, Arlo is cool and Bow is a husky. The house has a bridge that is half decayed and the house itself is sinking into the ground at a very nice angle you can notice at all times. Doors don't stay open, the flooring is buckling and there's no insulation. But I had a place to live and a wife who wasn't evil on the way from Texas. I had a hard time getting a job again so I just walked into Allied Universal and got the job at 800 5th Avenue, my area manager Yufhini was cool and my sight manager pulled out a tooth in my interview. But I got the job. It was off to run 64 floors 2 times a day with giving breaks making 29\$ an hour and so much overtime I had no life with Miranda. But Miranda was not what I had hoped, she was cute, but much bigger in person and I had just helped the librarian lose a lot of weight and I was 360 and now about 200 so I had a plan and we could bond working together for a healthy successful relationship and future in Seattle. She was a bottom and claimed she just wasn't ready for me to top and so I waited no pressure on sex, but she liked a slow blowjob and I had no issues with a nightly service for her. I all the sudden had money for the first time in my life, and the only time, I could give 2000 a month extra to child support and was getting caught up while still taking home a massive almost 2000 a month, I was paying everyone's phone bills and I got a nice computer with a 3d printer, that hard part was learning how to fix a model, I could only print 1 time a day and I couldn't watch it print, I could model on people's breaks at work using Blender on a flash drive. I never got good at it this way but I never really had a day off, but there was this girl from Vietnam at the market I'd try to talk to but never went anywhere. I started to

feel like me and Miranda where not going to work out. She has her own way of thinking that was definitely not at my level, like if you eat 7 gas station burritos that's 1 serving because you had them at 1 time or she painted a wall with clear paint and told me it would turn white later and was mad I didn't believe in her. She also claimed that she stole ice cream because there was a buy 1 get 1 free sale and she only paid for 1. She would hide and smoke weed in her closet even though it's legal in Washington. So at some point the librarian moved in with us , I now had a blow job and a cunniling each night and I got to have cum again. We started d and d , I could print everyone's character with the 3d printer , I had maps and binders full of books. I don't think we did movie nights , sometimes I do miss Miranda. But I was told later she had guys on the side the whole time. I got a laser hair removal tool that didn't work to try and help Miranda with her 5 o'clock shadow , but she refused to use it. I tried to get her on hormones but that was not going to happen. The librarian now worked under me as a front desk girl in security and I would run between 2 buildings getting even more hours basically working 7 days a week almost 12 hours a day to pay off that 80,000 that now had an end in sight. But then it happened. We had a gym that was open to all staff but one time Miranda asked to join us, I was happy to hear she wanted to get fit with us, I was making special diet pancakes for everyone and I was 160 and the librarian I think 180ish but she was much bigger when we met. Miranda did not eat the pancakes instead insisted top ramen was a diet food. So the rules had changed that night , an email was sent out and my main phillipino man Allen turned us in for breaking and entering, even though he said I was going to his house soon for philippines food and maybe buy an imported scooter from the Philippines . I was so sad and they just kept saying your not getting fired. He said that a lot because everyone who worked with the site manager got fired . I got a random call years later explaining that she was stealing information from the bank with the help of her nephew under a false name. But we lost that job and Miranda didn't lose the weight. But after several interviews with random people in the corporate office we lost our jobs and the next day I told the librarian we have to go look for jobs while Arlo told us he's moving out so rent will increase. Miranda is busy doing whatever Miranda does. We were at the securitos headquarters and I met another phillipino man , he was American though he also felt the need to thoroughly explain he's ex military and supervisor to me there for he knows the only job I'm allowed to work is Transit security and I walked out. That job paid 20\$ an hour but I have heard the stories of it sucking so bad I literally walked out, and the librarian got a great job at the Microsoft buildings watching doors so she could do homework. I applied all over and soon found macy's loss prevention. This job was great for sure. I stand at a door , I can do push ups and sit ups all day, stretch and when the undercover agents say run I get to run to them and if they say grab I get to grab. Best days ever , those trash people stealing with a great excuse to use martial arts and wrestling with cardio. I honestly don't care if steal , yes that makes them part of the trip force of evil but macys is also a part of that evil and a much more powerful enemy then a bum you could have just executed and moved on preventing them from stealing over and over from the

same macys. I learned a lot about how law enforcement handle theft and I spent my whole life thinking something happened if you steal, there's no mobile armored incinerator outside the building being driven by an officer of the law ready to throw in any Street trash that she used to walk their way through any building attempting to steal. They steal the police come we issue a "bill" from macys and the police explain to them and us how we are a waste of time. Then they go out side and sometimes they walk directly back into macys to steal again . This bill is held on your credit, if your like me with child support you don't have credits, if your homeless you don't care about credit, if your a punk off the street you don't care about credit, this is a joke. If your caught steal and are in the possession of drugs or paraphernalia those are disposed of in are trash can and that's it by the police. If you have multiple warrants for murder in Oregon your good to go because a bus is expensive from Kent Washington. Makes me so happy I never became a police officer because all you do is find ways to keep those who make the laws happy so billionaires who pay off city officials, there is no justice or peace, nothing I do or say matters because if they get away with crime for there entire life then so will my ex wife. The value of my job is all in a form of legal insurance fraud where we get paid for a % of stolen goods and a different % of recovered goods. We made 65,000,000\$ in insurance claims and 26,000,000\$ in sales, so if the police stop crime macys would go out of business, but that's just are store I'm sure other stores have a hard time attracting thefts for free insurance money. Now we physically stopped anywhere for 1 to 12 people a day with over 100\$ in merchandise and recorded about 50 to 70 unstopped thefts but $70 \times 365 \times 100$ isn't even 3,000,000 and every retail claims it's internal theft, but that means all 200 employees would have to steal 115,000 \$ a year. I don't see the math at all, even if you count all damaged goods thats still crazy math. But I loved physical combat with weak punk ass thefts who often would taunt me on the way out just before I could throw them onto the pavement 3 or 4 times as hard as I liked because the rules state you just can't kick or punch. All my child support rage was relaxed for a moment just to go home on a bus to Seattle to the disappointment of Miranda and the fact that the librarian lives with me again in a condemned house we rent for 1,800 Seattle \$ a month. It was brutal. I hadn't payed off that 80,000 and Im about to be homeless again. But the librarian offered to have us move close to Microsoft and with my 700\$ a month at Macy's I really had no choice. At work we had sam, hunter, francisco, Max and Kieth with 2 mangers who left because it's trash to work there, are latest manager was a lady who was more on the truck team, Macy's thinks it a great idea to put both a truck gm and loss prevention gm together, this lady was not blood thirsty at all , she's always like be nice to are thefts , they pay are bills. So I started the most gentle attacks I could mostly rereading and watching videos on aikido , this Martial art is not supposed to be a stand alone Martial art and why it gets such a bad name , it's a soft style and originally karate, aikido, judo, jujitsu and kendo where a single house of martial arts though to samurai and made a lot of sense, but a emperor of Japan spit up this mega martial arts to help stop the endless wars in Japan and aikido was just 1 of those very important pieces of a

much bigger martial art. But of course they still cry out every time , oh no the pain . Even writing Google reviews that actually get us called into the office to have them explained, of course they gave us 1 star if they couldn't steal, or complaining to a manager who now has to let them steal because they said the word harassment. So shag was invented. You can't stand upright in the presence of someone who may choose to steal later , so you slouch, then you can't look at them or that harassment so you look at the floor, talking to them is a chance to further their ability to tell managers that are voice is harassing them so your silent , slouched and staring at their shoes while slowly walking behind them , this is the shag. burfdhay bhag boi tries to talk to me so I collapsed on the floor in defense of him claiming im being harassing or aggressive, then I slithered behind him on the floor as to not stand up straight on accident. This is Macy's by the book approved conduct and the boss was sending a lot of emails trying to get it changed . But while the librarian was in Bellevue I was still in macys with a transfer to that new Macy's, the day I finally arrived I was absolutely shocked at what I saw, I spent 2 years with the librarian trying to fix her body, her life and her future. Her skin was a horrible complexion, she was very dehydrated, a bit lost in thought and as I went into her house I saw my ex wife's apartment/house/ life. It was trashed absolutely insane, garbage everywhere, nothing was unpacked, food all over that makes her sick, empty alcohol containers and some random dude . This was not ok. So I got mad for a minute, yelled at the librarian to just go to work, kicked out this guy and called Sam asking about housing and I got to move to hunters apartment with her boyfriend Connor. I never saw Miranda again.